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Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POETRY.

From the Boston Morning Post.

DO LADIES OR GENTLEMEN EXERT MORE INFLUENCE IN SOCIETY?

The gentlemen we think will fill their stations in their way; But as to influence, ladies will exert far more than they.

And arguments to prove this side We can produce a few. The stronger sex must then abide By what they see is true.

When dull clouds o'ercast the mind And eases oppressive vex, Who has not felt compassion kind Spring from the gentler sex?

Or when the poor their woes reveal, In sickness or in grief, Like women who can deeply feel, Or give like her relief?

When in the heart no good remains And folly's race is run, A mother's influence oft reclaims Her lost and wayward son.

Instruction given in early years Deep in the breast will lie; A faithful mother's prayers and tears And influence will not die.

Could Washington have e'er displayed Such noble strength of soul, Had not a mother's timely aid? Check'd vice with stern control?

In childhood's days the richest seeds Did that kind mother sow, And carefully cultivated the seeds, That better things might grow.

'Tis woman's highest power to gain O'er every inward foe, The young immortal soul to train For happiness or woe.

For usefulness and virtue now, For happiness above, And this man must not allow Is woman's work of love.

Then does she not more influence lend? That which can never decay— For well to fit when time shall end And she has passed away. S. P. T.

From the Republican Journal.

Common Schools—No. 3.

SCHOOL AGENTS.

"Every town, at its annual meeting for the choice of town officers, shall choose an agent for each school district in such town or, at such meeting, the town may, by vote, authorize the several school districts to choose one or more agents for themselves, for the year ensuing." The latter mode is generally adopted, and is upon the whole preferable, as it transfers to those most immediately interested the selection of their own agent; the presumption being, upon the principle that men are not blind to their own interests, that the selection thus made will be more judicious than would be one made by those feeling no direct personal interest in the matter. The State further provides that any town may, instead of a superintending committee and school agents, elect their superintending committee of such number as they shall see proper, and may invest such committee with the rights, powers and obligations, pertaining to school agents as well as a superintending committee. It is to be regretted that in a few towns and the members of a provision so well adapted to remedy the many existing evils, to which I shall hereafter allude. A committee thus selected would be further removed, than are district agents, from the influence of the petty animosities, partialities, and rivalries, which so often distract a school district, less liable to be influenced by personal favoritism in the employment of teachers, and more competent, as a general rule, to judge of their qualifications.

A cursory perusal of the sections creating the office of School Agent, and defining its duties, might lead to the conclusion, that almost every man in the district was possessed of the requisite qualifications—a more careful examination will lead to a different result. To the school agent is delegated the important power of employing teachers—a power too frequently abused, or, to use the mildest expression, misused. The question may be asked, how can the power thus delegated be abused or misused, when the law provides, in positive terms, that no person shall be employed as a teacher, who does not produce the certificate required, and the Agent is under oath to observe the requirements of the law? The answer is twofold. In the first place, that the provision of the Statute and the sanction of the oath are too frequently, through ignorance, or indifference, or recklessness, disregarded; the records of our judicial courts furnish abundant testimony. It is true, that any person who shall teach a school without having first obtained the certificate required by law, subjects himself to a forfeiture, and is barred from recovering any compensation for his services. But notwithstanding this highly penal enactment, the hazard is often run and success-

fully too, for the reasons, that few are to be found who are disposed to institute penal prosecutions, towns are not disposed to interfere with school district quarrels, and prefer paying the teacher his wages to incurring the expense of a suit at law. In this manner a teacher, destitute even of the legal qualifications, may be imposed upon the district by the school agent, and receive the hire of which he is unworthy. A lasting injury may thus be inflicted, by the agency of precept or example, upon the children and youth of the district, their time and school money misapplied, while the guilty author of the wrong, the unfaithful Agent, goes unpunished and unreprieved. In the second place, the power thus delegated to the School Agent is liable to misuse even in the employment of teachers who happen to possess the legal qualifications. Those qualifications consist of three certifi- cates, the sum and substance of which are, that the individual producing them is a person of sober life and conversation, of good moral character, and well qualified to instruct youth in writing the English language grammatically, in reading, arithmetic, and other branches of learning usually taught in public schools. All this may be true—the certifying authorities may have acted honestly and in the exercise of a sound discretion, and yet, for other and good reasons, he may be totally unfit for the calling. Humanity, courtesy, patience, firmness, self-command, good temper, and many department, constitute no portion of the legal qualifications, yet are all, with many other virtues and accomplishments, necessary to constitute the true teacher. I do not intend to convey the idea that all these qualifications are indispensable in a teacher; if they were, there would be reason to fear that, under existing circumstances, too many of our school-houses would be tenanted. But I do mean that they are desirable qualifications—that the more of them a teacher possesses, the better is he qualified to perform the duties incident to his calling. The faithful school agent will seek for such—not waiting to be found by them. If so unfortunate as to be unsuccessful in his search for a teacher possessing all these qualities, he will secure as many of them as he can in the one whom he employs. He will be under no apprehension of fixing his standard too high;—there is ample room to fall. On the other hand, the Agent who seeks for no other qualifications in a teacher than those enumerated in the legal certificates—regarding them as the key which is to unlock the store-house of knowledge—the pass word to the hearts and minds of the children and youth entrusted to his care, and asks or seeks for nothing more, tells the school of the faithful performance of his duty, and is guilty of a misuse of the authority conferred upon him.

I am aware that faithful and skillful laborers in the great harvest field which we are surveying, are comparatively few; and that, with the best intentions and the clearest views of duty, the school Agent may often look in vain for, and finally be compelled to employ, even against the conviction of his own judgment, a teacher destitute of many desirable qualities. I am also well aware that the limited means of a very large number of our school districts, will not command the services of our best teachers. In this dilemma there is but one course left for the Agent to pursue, and that is, to employ the best he can. But in determining the question of which is the best, let him remember that there are other qualifications necessary than those of scholarship;—qualifications, compared with which, in value to the child, mere scholarship is as the dry husk to the ripened fruit it contains. It may be said, that the Agent who employs a teacher armed with the legal certificates, has done all which the law requires of him, and is therefore, not deserving of censure, even if in making the selection he disregards the qualifications above referred to. If the Statute law of the land is to constitute the only rule and guide of man's conduct—the boundary line beyond which he is not allowed to pass, let conscience or duty call ever so loudly—the position is a safe one—but unfortunately for the welfare of our race, the derelict of this doctrine is neither moral or political heresy. Let the view which I have briefly taken of this matter, but go forth as an expression of the views entertained by parents and the friends of popular education throughout the State, and the Statute certificates will soon be divested of their magic power—the exorcismes which have fastened themselves upon the branches of the tree of knowledge, deprived of the nutriment which has hitherto sustained them, will fall off, and their place be filled by a healthy, natural, and vigorous growth, bearing much fruit. W. G. C.

MUTUAL CONSOLATION.—An old clergyman, who had an old tailor as beadle or officer, for many years, returning from a walk where Thomas was in the constant habit of attending him, uttered a thoughtful and silent pause, thus addressed his fellow traveler, the "minister's man":

"Thomas, I cannot well tell how it is, but our church should be getting thinner and thinner—for I am sure I preach as well as ever I did, and should have far more experience than when I first came among you."

"Indeed," replied Thomas, "old ministers, nowadays, are just like old tailors—for I am sure I sew as well as ever I did, and the cloth is the same, but it's the cut, sir, the new cut!"

A Persian philosopher, being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, answered: "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I was ignorant."

Jerrell says that old teachers are like dry wood; when they do take flame, they burn prodigiously.

THE SON OF THE HUNTER-SPY.

A LEGEND OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY GEORGE LIPFORD.

On the green slope, which arose from the school-master's house, toward the woods, on the hill-top, stood the strange being whom we have known as the son of the Hunter-Spy, and the Pretended Quaker—Gilbert Gates.

Above him, arched the universe of stars—around him, slumbered the peaceful valley of Brandywine—within him, burned the tortures of a lost soul.

In his talon-like fingers he crushed a much-worn paper; it had been pinned to the dead man's breast some twenty years ago.

There were cold drops of sweat upon his brow; he trembled from his heart to his finger-tips. "They are on his track, the dupes, the tools of my vengeance! Mine—mine—father and daughter, both mine! For him a death of horror—for her a life of shame! Hah! I hear their shouts—they pursue him to the death!"

As he spoke, a long column of light was flung over the green sward where he stood, as if from the bosom of the earth. A huge rock was rolled from the mouth of the mound, and the ghastly and yells of the ruffian band swelled on the air.

A figure sprang from the shelter of the mound—a weak and aged man—his attire covered with earth, and torn in fragments—his blue eyes, wandering in their glance, his grey hairs tossing to the impulse of the night-breeze.

As he sprang out upon the sod, he muttered the name of God:

"It is hard for an old man like me to be hunted to death like a mad dog! Let me see, which way shall I turn? I must take to the woods!"

"Nay, friend Mayland, nay," said a mild and conciliating voice: "There has never trusted in me, yet now will I save thy life. Not to the woods, for the bloodhounds are near; in truth they are. But to the hay-stack! Behold this cavity, which I have made, to conceal thee, amid this pile of hay!"

"Gilbert Gates!" cried the old man, starting back. "I trust you not—there is Traitor written on your face!"

"Hark! Does thee hear the shouts of the pursuers? Death, death, to Mayland the Spy! Will thou trust to them?"

"To the hay-stack he it, then?" cried the bewildered old man; Bless me, what does this mean? A noise hollowed out in the centre of the stack!"

"I'll tell thee when thou art saved!" cried Gilbert, with his peculiar smile. "In friend Mayland, in! They will never suspect thee hiding place—I will conceal it with this loose hay!"

In a moment Jacob Mayland disappeared, while Gilbert Gates stood alone in the centre of the sward.

The hay-stack, round, compact and uniform in appearance, rose darkly in the dim light of the stars. Within its centre, cramped, confined, scarce able to breathe, crouched Jacob Mayland, the one-armed schoolmaster.

A shout from the mound, a flash of light, and some twenty forms leap one by one, from the mouth of the passage.

"Ha! Gilbert Gates!" shouted the Tory leader—"which way went the Spy?"

"To the Woods! to the woods!" cried Gilbert as his sharp features glowed in the light of twenty torches.

"Look, you smooth-tongued!" cried the huge British Sergeant, strutting forward—"I don't trust you. Your broad-brimmed hat don't hide your villainous face. By—, I believe you've helped this Spy to escape!"

A hoarse murmur arose from the bravos, who with ominous looks, came grouping round the False Quaker.

"Now, friend Hramsdorff, do not get into a passion," said Gilbert, in his mildest tones—"or if thee does get into a passion, I beseech"—his face assumed an expression which in its mingled weakness and hatred, chilled even the drunken Sergeant to the heart—"do not I beseech thee, fire the poor man's hay-stack!"

"Ha, ha! Won't I though?" shouted the Sergeant. "The old fox has escaped, but we'll burn his nest!"

He seized a torch, and dashed it along the hay.

"Fire the hay-stack, my boys!" shouted the Tory leader. "Fire the hay-stack, every man of you! Burn the rebel out of house and home!"

As you look, twelve of the band rush forward and encircle the hay-stack with a belt of flame—Another moment—a sudden breeze from the forest—the hay-stack glows from the sword a mass of living flame.

The fire whizzed, and crackled, and hissed, winding around the cone of hay, and shooting in one long column, into the midnight sky. Abroad over the meadow, abroad over the forest crimsoned every leaf with a blood-red glow, high and higher, each fiercer and madder, it whirled and rose, that column of flame.

Now the Tories, half in rage and half in drunken joy, mangled hand in hand and danced around the burning pile.

"Hurrah for King George!" shouted the Sergeant, leaping from the ground. "Death to all Rebels!"

"So perish all rebels!" echoed the Tories. And higher and higher rose the flame.

Up to the heavens, paling the stars, with its burning red—over the green of the meadows—down upon the waters of the Brandywine—up the hill-side—along the woods, that merry flame!

As in the blaze of noon-day, lay the level

sward, the grey stone house of the schoolmaster, the frame barn, with its fences and out-houses—while around the burning pile, merrier and gayer danced the soldiers, flinging their swords in the blood-red light, and sending the name of the Good King George to the skies!

Retired in the background, some few yards from the burning stack, his arms folded on his breast, his head turned to one side, stood Gilbert Gates, the Son of the Hunter-Spy. A smile on his pinched lips, a cold gleam in his eyes.

"Fire the house!" shouted the Tory leader. They turned to fire the house, but a low, moaning sound broke on the air—it caused the troops, brutal as they were, to start with horror—the leader of the Tories wheeled suddenly round bending his head to catch the slightest whisper; the face of the Sergeant grew white as his sword

That low, moaning sound swelled to a shriek—a shriek that curdled their blood. It came from the bosom of the burning hay-stack—along the breeze it yelled, and died away. Another shriek and another! Three sounds more horrible never broke on the ears of man. In a moment, all was still as death—the hay-stack crashed down with a deafening sound. Nothing was left but a pile of smouldering embers. All was still as death, but a dim object moved amid the last remains of the burning hay—moved, struggled, and was still.

For the last time, the flame glared into the midnight sky.

Disclosed by that red glare stood Gilbert Gates perusing the crushed paper which he grasped in his talon-fingers.

These are the words which he read by the glare of the hay-stack, words written in a cramped hand—perhaps in blood—and dated more than twenty years before this September day in 1777:

Isaac Gates—a Traitor and Spy—Hung by three soldiers of his Majesty's Army.

JACOB MAYLAND.

"He died alone in the wild woods—and I—his son, am his avenger!"

With these words, the son of the Hunter-Spy passed behind the barn, and was lost to sight.

And from the accursed pile of death fled the soldiers, sparing their horses to their utmost speed—with the fear and horror of coward guilt they fled—while far over the plain, far over the valley, came the men of Brandywine, roused from their sleep by the burning hay-stack. Yes, from hill-top and valley, they came, as the last embers of the fire were yet glowing on the green sward.

And two figures emerged from the door of the school-master's house, the form of a stout and muscular man, and the form of a trembling maiden.

"Gilbert, it seems like a dream," said the maiden. "The flight of my father, the chase in the passage—the swoon! Thank God, my father has escaped! But what means this sudden stillness—your flickering fire?"

"They reached the burning embers on the hill-side and stood for a moment gazing upon the scene."

A mass of burning hay, a pile of ashes, the wrecks of some splintered boards were all that remained to tell of the location of the hay-stack.

"What is that dark thing in the fire?" exclaimed Mary Mayland—Quick, Gilbert—hold the light, nearer—it seems to move, to stir!"

Gilbert held the light over the darkened mass. Here, let me pause for a single moment.

You may charge me with painting horrors that never existed.

And yet there is not a hill or a valley in any one of the old Thirteen States unstained with the blood of peaceful men, shed by the firebrands of King George.

Not only on the soil of Brandywine, but in a quiet home of Germantown, was a deed similar to the one in question, committed by American Tories and their British brethren.

An old man burned to death in cold blood by the soldiers of King George: it is horrible, but having occurred in the course of that beautiful game of War, which Kings and Tyrants have played for some four thousand years; let us write it down, in its darkest and bloodiest detail, so that the children of our day may know the features of Civil War.

War has been painted too long as a pretty thing, sprinkled with buttons, fluttering with ribbons, wailing with plumes.

Let us learn to look upon it as it is; a horrible butchery, reeking with the blood of the innocent, the knife of murder in his hand, the fire of carnage in his eye.

The war which Washington waged, was not war, in the proper sense of the term. It was only the defence of one's hearthside against the robber and the murderer.

But of all the hideous murders which have been done, for two thousand years, the war waged by the British King, against the American People, was the foulest, the dastardliest the bloodiest.

It was a massacre of eight years, beginning to kill at bunker Hill, and ending its work of butchery only when it was crushed at Yorktown.

Let me manifest sympathy for Great Britain shake this truth from our souls. The Englishman, we do not hate; he is the countryman of Shakespeare and Milton, he is our brother.

But it will take a thousand years of good deeds to wash from the History of England, the horrid and merciless butcheries which she perpetrated in the Eight Years' War.

To forgive these crimes is our duty, but to forget them—

Can a child forget the wretch who butchered his mother?

Why, at the thought, the dead of our battle-fields bleed again—eyes, from the shades of

Mount Vernon, armed for the combat, starts the solemn ghost of Washington!

Let us follow this tragedy to the end, and at the same time, remember—it is only one among a thousand.

Gatlieb held the light over the darkened mass. Yes, while the men of Brandywine formed a circle about the scene, grouping around the form of the farmer and the maiden, the light streamed over that hideous object among the embers.

Mary, the daughter, advanced, her face glowing mildly in the light, advanced and—looked—There are some sights which it is blasphemous to paint, and this is one of them!

Some Angel of Mercy, at the sight, took from her, sense and consciousness. She felt: her white hands, outstretched, touched the mangled form of her father.

The, one groan, heaving from an hundred hearts, awelled on the air.

A dark form came rushing to the scene; breasting the spectators aside, Sampson, the Giant Negro, stood there, gazing upon the horrid mass at his feet.

And he knelt there, and his lips moved, and murmured a vow—not in English—but in his wild Ashantee tongue. A heathen, with but an imperfect notion of the Christian Truth, dragged from his native land into slavery, when but a child, the son of a savage King, he murmured, above the old man's skeleton, his horrible vow, devoting the murderers to his Moloch God.

How that vow was kept let the records of Brandywine witness!

At the moment, while stout Gatlieb, appalled and stricken into stone, stood holding the light over the dead—as Mary, pale and beautiful, lay beside that which was her father, only an hour ago—as the huge negro bent above the witness of murder, his sinews quivering, lips clenched and eyes glaring, as he took the vow—at this moment, while the spectators stood alternately melted into tears and frozen into the dead apathy of horror—

There came a peaceful man, gliding silently through the crowd, his bosom trembling with deep compassion, his eyes wet with tears.

"Ah, this is a terrible thing!" said a tremulous voice—"In truth it is!"

And the Son of the Hunter-Spy stood gazing on the miserable remains of his FATHER'S EXECUTION.

NOTE.—In the next Legend Black Sampson will be introduced, on the day of the Battle of Brandywine.

DEATH OF LIEUT. RITCHIE.

The following is the only account we have seen, giving the particulars of the death of Lieut. Ritchie. It shows extraordinary daring—on the part of the Mexican who performed the deed.

On Gen. Scott's arrival at the mouth of the Rio Grande, and assuming the chief command, he forthwith sent dispatches to Saltillo, addressed to Gen. Taylor, or the commanding officer there. When the bearer reached that city, Gen. Butler, the officer in command, opened the despatches, the result of which was the immediate departure of Gen. Worth and his division for the Rio Grande.

The despatches were then resealed, and sent off in charge of Lieut. Ritchie, 5th Infantry, to Gen. Taylor, then on his retrograde movement to Monterey, from Victoria. Ten men belonging to Kearney's company, of the 6th, accompanied Lieut. Ritchie as an escort. They arrived at Monterey in safety, stopped there a night, and proceeded on their route to meet Gen. Taylor the next day. Towards dusk, Ritchie reached the village of Villa Grande, distant 23 miles from Monterey. Meeting, just after his arrival, with an Englishman, established in business there, he availed himself of his services to procure refreshments for himself and command.

As the two were crossing the plaza of Villa Grande, in furtherance of that object, a Mexican on horseback came whisking by them, when suddenly he threw a lasso over Ritchie, put spurs to his animal, and succeeded in dragging him beyond the town, to a small creek in the vicinity. Here he murdered him, and after mutilating his body in a horrid manner, made off with the despatches. These are said to be of great consequence, containing a plan of the forthcoming campaign, with other important particulars. It seems as if the movements of Ritchie and his party were narrowly watched by the enemy, for during the night they passed at Monterey, the arms of five of his men were stolen from them, necessitating a demand on the Quartermaster for a fresh supply.

Reprimand. In the superior court, New York city, in the case of Lovell and wife vs. Gosner, for libel, a lady who keeps a boarding house was placed on the stand, and cross-examined as to her family, how many children she had and if she were ever married, &c., to which the lady replied—"That's my business." Whereupon Judge Vanderpool severely rebuked the counsel, ordered him to sit down, and said the court would not permit all the rules of civility to be violated.

The audience gave the Judge three distinct rounds of applause, for which consent of court nobody was committed.

Blow 'Em Up. "Don't talk to me about your gun cotton," said an acquaintance to us recently. "I'll put my wife against any invention in the world for blowing people up; if the Government could get her to sit down opposite to San Juan d'Ulos, the Mexicans would leave instant." [Reveille.]

A man that keeps riches and enjoys them not, is like an ass that carries gold and eats thistles.

FROM MEXICO AND THE ARMY.

We give the following items from the New Orleans Picayune.

The Mexican Congress on the 22d ult. approved a proposition which declared the constitution of 1824 to be in full vigor. Another was adopted which forbids the deputies, in forming a new fundamental compact or constitution, from infringing upon the principles of the representative, republican, federal system. Also another, which restrains them at the same time from attacking the independence and sovereignty of the States, relative to their internal administration. All these resolutions indicate great fears on the part of the present dominant majority, lest they should be speedily dispossessed of power, and they would fain tie up the hands of their successors by these formal declarations.

When the decree authorizing the confiscation of church property reached Queretaro, the Secretary of that state refused to take part in its promulgation, and resigned his office. His example was followed by his subordinates in office, and the decree was at last proclaimed without the usual formalities, signed by the governor alone. Bodies of the military patrolled the streets and protected the points where the decree was posted. A mob collected in front of the governor's palace, and insulted him by their outcries. The military were again called out to disperse the rioters, and eight were shot in doing this.

The vice or deputy governor resigned his post, and the governor was constrained to make arrests of principal citizens to check an insurrection. This shows what hold the clergy have upon the sympathies of the people.

The revolutionary faction in Tabasco, we infer from a paragraph in the Locomotor, has been put down, or those engaged in it have voluntarily returned to their allegiance to the general government. This proceeding was hastened by the entrance of a division of the regular troops into Tabasco from Chiapas. Gov. Tracanos was made prisoner by these troops and sent off to Chiapas.

CAMARGO, MEXICO, Feb. 5, 1847.—General Taylor, I am told, has in Monterey hostages from the little town where Lieut. Ritchie, with despatches, was taken; and further, that the general has given the authorities three weeks to produce the actors of this tragedy, or he will level their town to the ground. Let this system be kept up, and in a short time nothing of this kind will occur; any other course is fooling away our time. Capt. Ben. McCulloch is again in the field.

From the N. O. Picayune, Feb. 21.

THE CONDITION OF MEXICO.

We were yesterday placed in possession of our correspondence from Anton Lizardo and papers from Vera Cruz to the 1st of February. The following letter from one whose favors our readers have learned to value, presents in a succinct form the best picture of the internal condition of Mexico we have yet seen.

Though no later than our former accounts, the writer's intimate acquaintance with Mexican affairs, and his excellent judgment impart permanent interest to all his communications. The following will not be found an exception to this rule, and will amply repay perusal. It is satisfactory to us to learn from it in our own inadequate attempts to show the disorganization, the distress and the impending convulsions of Mexico we have not exaggerated her woes.

Correspondence of the Picayune.

U. S. Squadron, off Anton Lizardo, February 2, 1847.

Gentlemen.—The news from the various parts of Mexico for the last fifteen days has been of much interest, as showing the probable subversion of the present Government of Mexico, the extreme distresses of the army, the total paralysis of Mexican credit and the entire inability of the General or the State Governments to raise money by any of the extraordinary expedients recently adopted. Last and not of least importance, are the auguries of Santa Ana's dictatorship.

The promulgation of the ordinance for the confiscation of the ecclesiastical property has in some places been resisted by actual outbreaks, and everywhere received with demonstrations of hostility which have created the greatest alarm. The Vice President appears to have displayed great energy and activity, not only in repressing the disorders in the capital, but in conferring extraordinary powers on the various military governors for the same purpose.

The clergy have closed the cathedrales, issued their solemn protests, and finally refused to deliver up the property of the church. The states of Mexico, Puebla and Queretaro have prayed that the law might be repealed. The church party press in various places openly counsels rebellion against Gomez Farias and the congress.

If anything was wanting to complete the failure of this measure, it has been found in the decided refusal of capitalists to advance money on the scrip. It is now perfectly plain that the scheme will afford no immediate relief, and that the treasury will probably never realize a dollar from the ecclesiastical property for the purposes of the war.

So far as I am able to discover, all the other expedients which have been adopted by the general and state governments for raising smaller loans or contributions for the more pressing exigencies of the troops will have the same issue with the more magnificent project of plundering the church. The ingenuity of the Mexican legislators seems to have been taxed to the utmost; among other novel plans I noticed a forced lottery for raising money for the war.

The more moderate and hopeful journalists appear to have given up all hope that order can be preserved, and predict another revolution. The Vice President, Gomez Farias, is surrounded with difficulties which are insuperable, and is the object of attack by all parties—by the clergy, the monarchists, and a fragment of the centralists; and it needs no prophet to say that he must soon be driven from the helm.

Gonzalez, the newly appointed Minister of Justice—successor of Nava, who was appointed only a week before—is not only one of the Cabinet who actually discharges the duties of his office. [Senor Gonzalez has since resigned, according to a late Mexican paper before us.] Senor Zolista, the Minister of Finance has tendered his resignation and left his post in spite of the wishes of the Vice President.

Senor Ramirez, the Minister of Foreign relations, has thrown up his portfolio for a period of several months, and Gonzalez, of the War Department, has also expressed his wish to retire. Various causes have been alleged for his abdications, but the true solution of the defection is to be found in the extreme and unconquerable difficulties of their situation.

In the meantime there are reports from time to time from San Luis Potosi that Santa Ana is taking every step to proclaim himself dictator. These reports have within a few days assumed a more specific character.

A touching picture of the distress of the army may be found in every paragraph and every official account from that quarter. It is now conceded that the army at San Luis must soon dissolve—that even the genius of Santa Ana cannot long keep them together.

An extra of the Picayune, dated at noon on the 25th, contains farther news from the Rio Grande, as follows:

Gen. Wool apprises Gen. Taylor, toward the end of January, that he anticipated an attack at Saltillo. In consequence, Gen. Taylor left Monterey on the 1st of February with his staff for Saltillo. He took with him Bragg's battery and Thomas's battery, the 1st Mississippi rifles and May's squadron of dragoons. Capt. Thomas P. Marshall was to leave Monterey on the 3d ult. with his company of mounted men, also for Saltillo. Capt. Gordon, with a detachment of 150 recruits for the different regiments, also left Monterey for Saltillo with Gen. Taylor.

The American forces at Saltillo would be between 5,000 and 6,000 men. In addition to the batteries named above, the batteries of Capt. Washington and Capt. Webster were at Saltillo, and at last accounts the troops were throwing up formidable fortifications. Little apprehension is made upon that point.

The number of troops left at Monterey does not exceed 500 men, but the citadel, or "black fort" is held by them, and their is no route by which the Mexicans can approach the city without artillery save by Saltillo. Without artillery any attempt upon Monterey would be futile. The troops at Monterey consist principally of Ohio and Indiana volunteers, all under the command of Col. Rogers. Capt. Arnold, of the 2d dragoons, has been ordered to proceed to Monterey from the mouth of the Rio Grande.

The Delta of the 25th has the following:

SANTA ANA'S ADVANCE. If the statements made by all the Mexican papers and letter writers be entitled to confidence, it is obvious that Santa Ana entertains designs against Monterey, and has begun his march against that point.

Our correspondents represent that large bodies of troops are thrown forward upon the road to Monterey, as well as the road between Tampico and Monterey. But the most definite statement we have seen is contained in a letter published by La Patria, last evening, from Tampico, of the date of 9th February, which says that sixteen thousand of the most brilliant troops are marching for the road between Saltillo and Monterey.

This information was communicated by a letter written from San Luis. Another letter written on the 1st of the month Gen. Parodi, says that a brigade of 1500 men, composed of the 12th regiment of infantry of the line and a battalion of the National Guard of Jalisco, with three pieces of artillery, were marching in the direction of Monterey, by the road of Matamoros.

The sierra is fortified at every point by the battalions of Puebla, Guardia Costa de Tampico, the company of veterans, and three companies of cavalry. Gen. Urea, with 1500 men first regiment of cavalry, must have already arrived at Victoria de Tamaulipas.

These movements are no doubt made for the purpose of drawing off our forces from the contemplated attack on Vera Cruz. Santa Ana expects to cut off Gen. Taylor's communications, to block up both the roads to Camargo and to Tampico.

In the meantime, the Mexicans are pushing forward toward Matamoros, from the road which leads through Victoria. Urea's cavalry are no doubt the advance of a large force intended for this point.

This will be a bold movement, but it is characteristic of Urea, who is a prompt and decided officer. If, however, his force consists only of cavalry, we do not apprehend any serious consequences from an attack on Matamoros. The great fear is that they may intercept our communications along the river, and the road from Matamoros and Camargo to Monterey.

Since the above was written, we have seen a letter from a Mexican officer written in great confidence and secrecy, saying that General Urea had been ordered to march on Matamoros, and was already considerably advanced on the road.

Tampico, Feb. 18, 1847.

A vessel is to sail early tomorrow morning for New Orleans, and I avail myself of the occasion to send you what little news I have picked up since my last. I have seen an extract from a letter written at San Luis Potosi on the 9th inst. by a Mexican officer to his friend in this place. This extract states that Santa Ana was to march upon Saltillo preparatory to attacking Monterey, that Urea, with some 5000 troops at Victoria, was to attack Matamoros, and that both expeditions must prove successful. The writer indulges in the most sanguine expressions.

He says "The Yankees will see a strong blow struck against them, and he made to pay dearly for what they have done." It is pretty certain that Santa Ana is at Saltillo, and it is even reported that he has engaged Gen. Taylor. This, however, we do not believe in Tampico. "We shall give the Yankees some hot work in the North while they are marching on Vera Cruz," is the confident language of the writer of this extract, who is none other than the private secretary of Santa Ana. Of this I am altogether well assured.

ANOTHER BATTLE AT MONTEREY

Letters from Tampico of 17th of Feb., to the N. O. Delta state, on Mexican authority, that another engagement had taken place between the Mexicans and Gen. Taylor at Monterey, in

which the former received a severe thrashing. No particulars are given. This news is from a doubtful source, and not worthy of much credit in our estimation, although it may be true.

BATTLE OF BRATTO. The St. Louis papers of the 25th ult. contain the particulars of the Battle of Bratton, or El Paso, which took place on Christmas day, between Col. Doniphan's command (1100 in number, lancers, cavalry and infantry). Col. D. was on his way to join Gen. Wool at Chihuahua. The following account of this first battle of the Army of the West, is given in a letter from Lieut. Kribben, of the Mo. Light Artillery.

"Previous to the encounter, a Lieut. from the Mexican ranks, came up, waving a black flag, halting within 100 paces of our line. Our interpreter rode out to meet him. He demanded that our commander should come into their camp and speak to their Gen. The reply was, 'If your commander wants to see ours, let him come here.' 'We shall break your ranks and take him there,' the Mexican retorted. 'Come on you, prepare for a charge,' cried the Mexican, 'we give no quarters, and we ask none.' He then galloped back. Their charge was made by the dragoons upon our left flank, their infantry at the same time attacking our right.

After their fire was spent, our line poured a few volleys into them, which made such havoc, that they wheeled to the left and retreated, attacking our provision train in their flight. Here they met a warm reception, and were soon compelled to fly in all directions. Taking advantage of the panic, Lieut. Wright charged upon them and took their cannon. Their enemy fled, leaving arms, baggage, provisions, &c. on the field.

A small body of mounted men, under Capt. Reid, charged upon the enemy and pursued them into the mountains.

The enemy had at least 30 killed. We lost not a single man, and had but 7 slightly wounded. We took 8 prisoners, 6 of whom died."

Col. Doniphan is said to have taken possession of El Paso on the 20th of December, without resistance.

Congress adjourned at three minutes before one o'clock on Thursday morning, March 4th, not having, however, taken any decisive action upon business of general interest since 11 o'clock.

After a scene of great confusion, a motion to adjourn was, at the time above stated, agreed to, when the speaker rose and said—

Gentlemen—By the vote which you have just taken you have determined that the twenty-ninth congress shall close its labors, and the members composing it are to be separated—many of them forever. This separation is painful to some of us—I trust it is so to all; for we met as friends—it cannot be that we part as enemies. If, unhappily, my unkind feelings have been engendered, I trust that within these walls all those feelings may now be forever buried and forgotten. This congress has been one of unusual and momentous interest—passing upon questions of war and peace—questions about which difference of opinion must necessarily exist, and questions upon which it is advantageous to republics that a difference of opinion should exist. It is true, but true—in part at least—that it is mainly to differ, but childish to quarrel. I have endeavored, gentlemen, to redeem the obligation—the pledge which I made when this congress commenced its labors, that I would impartially and to the best of my ability, discharge my official duties; that I would strive to be governed by the motto, 'knowing no party but the people—no locality but the country.' How far I have fulfilled that pledge must be left to you and to your constituents, to determine. I tender to you my sincere and hearty thanks for the resolution which you have adopted approbatory of my conduct; and, let me assure you, that I deem it no less a compliment; for the kindness, courtesy, forbearance and liberality with which you have always greeted me, teach me to believe that the sentiment which you have expressed is the true feeling of your hearts. To those gentlemen who have so kindly aided me in the discharge of the arduous duties of the chair, I am under particular obligations. And now, gentlemen, with the fervent hope that each of you may long live to enjoy the approbation of your country, I proceed to consummate my last official act by pronouncing this house adjourned without day.

The bill for the relief of the heirs of John Paul Jones passed both houses of congress, was signed by the presiding officers of the two houses and was supposed to have been signed by the President of the United States, to whom it was sent, but, not having been returned by him, yesterday morning it was upon search found on the floor of the senate chamber without the President's signature, and it was of course not become a law. This is indeed a singularly hard case.

It cannot be doubted, however, that, under the circumstances of this mere accident, the re-enactment of the bill by the two houses will be considered no more than a matter of form, and it would be but common justice, and will be among the first acts of the next congress. National Intelligence.

War and Mail Steamships. Among the bills passed on the last day of the session of congress was the bill proposed last session, providing, first, for the construction of four war steamships of the first class. Secondly, a line of mail steamships from New York to Liverpool, consisting of five ships of not less than two thousand tons each. Thirdly, a line of mail steamships from New York to New Orleans, touching at Savannah, in Georgia, and Havana, with a branch line from Havana to Cienfuegos, comprising five ships of not less than fifteen hundred tons each; the ships of both lines to be constructed under the direction of the navy department. Fourthly, a line of steamships from Panama, on the Pacific, to Oregon, touching at the intermediate ports. All these ships to be subject to the order of and purchased by the government at any time, and all to be commanded by naval officers, and a certain number of passed midshipmen as watch officers and for improvement in the navigation of steamships. This is a very important bill, and Congress deserves credit for its passage.

A Capital Toast. At a late festival of the citizens of St. Louis, given on the 15th of February, for the purpose of celebrating the landing of Lafayette and the founding of that city, we find the following among the regular toasts drank on the occasion—

"Our Army—The Volunteers and Regulars—A Pillor for repose, and a Marshall for parade, may they not lack Wood for comfort, Worth in battle, or a Garland for victory; never crying Quit-man to the foe, but laying their Triggs on the enemy's back, pay promptly their Scott, or charge as the Taylor always knows how."

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, MARCH 16, 1847.

"The Union—It must be preserved."

MAN OR MONEY.

In the political events which are taking place throughout this country, and the world, we see the hand of an overruling Providence, working for the present and ultimate good of humanity. In every attempt of despotism to rivet stronger the chains of the oppressed; in every struggle of the enslaved to become freemen, is the workings of an overruling power visible; and we hail them as the bright harbingers of the dawning of a better day for the people—for the oppressed in every land and clime. The despot may close tighter the rivets, as he witnesses the uprising spirit of his slaves; but the manacles, however strong, shall be snapped asunder.

Men are struggling to become free men every where, and the oppressor's grasp must be loosened, and man, clothed in the moral image of his Maker, stand up, unfettered, and unwaved by the tyrant's rod. In our country we have no kings and titled nobility to pry upon the vitals of the people, and rob labor of his hard earnings; but we have that to contend against—ever worse in its influences, and more to be dreaded—a corrupt money aristocracy, made up of oppressive, money-making, and business corporations, which defend the hard working man of his labor, and aspire to control the political destinies of the country; and the great question yet to be decided in the United States is: Shall man or money govern?

This question is an important one. Upon the decision depends the weal or woe of the people—the perpetuity, or destruction, of our democratic institutions. All true democrats contend that man—all men—the humbler, have rights which ought to be protected, and that they can best protect themselves. Hence Free Suffrage is the foundation, the broad, democratic platform upon which they would build up political institutions. They have faith in humanity and would improve and exalt it. They have love for man—and that love is manifested by recognizing all men, as born "free and equal," and by doing all in their power to place those who have been forced by unfortunate circumstances below their proper level, on a par with the highest.

The Federal Whig puts the trust in money—it is the god of his idolatry. And he can see no good in any thing unless there can be money made out of it. Money with him makes the man. He should have it, or his representative, to be a voter, to be respected in society—in fact, without it, he is nothing. Hence, the Federal doctrine is that government should be founded on property; that the poor are born to labor, and the rich to rule. Property is a qualification for every thing, and he who is without it, should take no part in governmental affairs, and government should take care of the rich, and the rich take care of the poor. Such is the doctrine of Federalism, and such the principles upon which the Federal Whig party is founded. True, the Whigs sometimes make a little show of respect to the people when they support a working man for office, which is seldom the case, but that man is always bound to be a tool for the aristocracy, and supports its principles, and of course acts against his own interests.

We are inclined to think that man is worth more than money; for without the first, the latter would be useless. We prefer therefore to advocate the rights of man, and leave money to take care of itself, with certain restrictions prescribed to it by its master. A party based on money must be transient; while a party based on man, must be eternal; as enduring as the immortal mind. With which party, I need not ask you to choose? If with the latter, then you must throw your influence in favor of the elevation of talent and social or political character, individually and collectively. That portion of our fellow citizens called the working men, but more properly the productive classes. You must seek to know yourselves, to understand your own interests, and co-operate in carrying out such measures as may be introduced for the benefit of the producing classes, the laboring men—that tend directly to improve their wretched condition, and enlarge their prospects for worldly happiness.

We talk of equality; and it is talk, and that is all. We admit, yes, we declare we must talk and think, before we act, and when we act, it should be with care and caution, but we should be sure and act. Too many by neglecting to think, and to examine and understand for themselves, act all their life time against their own interests—and are the mere tools of designing and ambitious men. If then we would have the party founded on man become more extensive, and its influence more generally felt, we must study man—we must place such men at the head of our Government, in all its departments, both State and National, as are truly champions and servants of the people—as have been educated to regard the well-being of Humanity, instead of to get their living out of the people, or make them their slaves.

Chihuahua Taken.—Mr. Cane, who has arrived in St. Louis, tells Santa Fe on the 14th of January, and on his way fell in with some Mexicans, who had been in the battle of Bratton, knowing from them that Col. Doniphan entered El Paso on the 20th of Dec. and took possession without resistance.

Mr. Cane says, on attempt to produce a revolution in Santa Fe was to have been made on Christmas night, but the whole plot was disclosed to the Americans by Mexican women, and the authorities were able to create a good many of the last.

THE BATH TRIBUNE vs. DEMOCRACY.

The Tribune is very sensitive indeed of late. Whenever he sees the word Democracy, he flutters like a wounded pigeon. Two or three weeks since, we remarked that "Democracy is a saving, purifying principle." But notwithstanding he is professedly very friendly to Democracy, and has more than once admitted its principles correct in the abstract, whenever a word is said in its favor, he is out with all his forces against it. And what is the argument brought against it? Why, Mr. Calhoun's opinion of the war, with his ghost of sixteen thousand men lost in the field of battle and otherwise, and the country involved in a debt of 400,000,000,—all on account of the wicked President, "whose hands are red with the blood of thousands!" What a bloody President!—And then, how is Mr. Calhoun, who has done more to bring about the war than any other man, to clear his shirt from the blot of not only his own countrymen, but of the butchered Mexicans? But why complain of a national debt, when the Whigs have always advocated "a national debt as a national blessing," and have often wished that the nation might contract a large public debt, for then we should be obliged to have a high tariff, and the country would be more prosperous.

We also stated that "Democracy is liberty—Federalism is slavery,"—to which the Tribune objects. But did we not speak the truth? If not, why discuss Federalism, and try to pass yourself off as a friend to democracy? The fact is, the Tribune is rather inclined to take the side of Federalism, and with all his sophistry the truth will out. In his opposition to democracy, he says, its "party went for the annexation of Texas, when the avowed object of those who originated the scheme, was to extend and perpetuate negro slavery." But was not John C. Calhoun, whose opinion is so highly valued by the Tribune, one of the principal originators of that scheme? And was it not matured and nearly carried into effect under a Whig Administration? If so, and if the annexation of Texas was anti-democratic, and calculated to extend slavery, then, upon the Tribune's own principle of reasoning, Federalism, or Whiggism, is slavery. And then one of the most celebrated Whigs of Ohio's brave sons, voted in favor of a bill that provided that poor debtors in that State should be sold to slavery to pay their debts. The Tribune, however, seems to suppose that by Federal slavery, we meant only negro slavery. In this, he is mistaken. Negro slavery is not the only slavery, nor the worst in the world. White slavery exists in its worst forms in this country, and even in New England. In the same number of the Tribune, containing the article to which we have alluded, an effort is made to prove Mr. Bancroft a Federalist, and yet in the same column he is quoted as being favorable to "the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia," and to the extension of free labor; and this the Tribune calls Democratic. Leading Democrats then, are in favor of free labor, and Democracy is freedom—Federalism is slavery." In reading some of the late numbers of the Tribune we hardly know where to find him. He seems to be very much in the position of the horse, that an Irishman had pursued round a pound several times before he caught him, and on being asked on which side he found him, replied, "and faith, I found him on all sides, but I have him at last," so with the Tribune, Federalism is sure to bring him up at last.

So we find him in the last number of the Tribune engaged anew in his opposition to democracy. He has probably gained new strength by reading Mr. Calhoun's speech, in which he labors to prove—that the Tribune has often asserted—that "the old Feds are now attacking Democracy." The attention of the public is particularly called to Mr. Calhoun's speech,—with which several columns of the Tribune are filled,—in which we find the author banking "Federalism and Democracy," until he becomes as lean and weak as John Bull's dog, that had to lean against a tree to bark. And what does he bark out? Why, by canvassing nearly all of the States, he makes out, if we take his word for it, that some twenty-five men, formerly Federalists, have been, or are now, leading men in the democratic party. And what does this prove? Why, it proves that twenty-five Feds have become better men, and the people now have confidence in them. Mr. Calhoun to the contrary notwithstanding.—But have these men really returned? Most certainly. Mr. Calhoun proves, to a demonstration, that one of them, since he joined the democratic party, advocates liberty and "free labor;" and thus the Tribune calls true Democracy. We have equally good reason to suppose that the others have also returned. Twenty-five out of hundreds and thousands of old Federal, wing leaders, have reformed—their enemies being judged,—and twenty-five only. Not much hope for the reformation of Feds at this rate. Mr. Calhoun labors to prove that the old Feds have become excellent—that the Feds and Democrats "of those days have since were or less commingled with all parties." This may be true; but it does not prove that Federalism is Democracy. We have now, as in 1812, Federal principles and Democratic principles; men may commingle—but these principles, never; they can no more mix than oil and water. Man may change—but principles, never.

So much for the Tribune's opposition to democracy, backed up by Mr. Calhoun's speech, all about "Old Federalism" and "Modern Democracy," upon the "Union Appropriation Bill." No wonder that the Tribune is pleased with it, having, as it does, such a very direct application to the subject.

"The Tribune had a great deal of fault with Senor Corvino's speech. They never find anything that appears to be an appeal to the great principles of right."—Both Tribunes.

That's too bad, when Senator Corwin appeared in almost every case to the wrong. With the Tribunes began enough to do as he in what instance Senator Corwin, the "chief politician," appeared to the great principles of right?

On Thursday, the 8th day of April next has been appointed by the Governor and Council as a day of Humiliation and Fasting and Prayer throughout the State.

The people of Vermont have been voting upon the Lecompton question, and have decided not to become, by their six thousand majority.

